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Job Printing of every kind executed with neatness and dispatch, at the Register Office. Orders by mail or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

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E. WRIGHT, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, Office next door to Ira W. Clark's Law Office, Room at C. J. Super's, 1st Middlebury, VT.

O. E. ROSS, M.D., Surgeon and Physician, Office next door to Ira W. Clark's Law Office, Room at C. J. Super's, 1st Middlebury, VT.

LANGWORTHY & BOND, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c., 81 1/2 Middlebury, VT.

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E. W. JUDD, Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of American and Foreign Marble, Granite Work, &c., With North Middlebury Marble Co., 111 1/2

REV. E. SMITH, Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, Office at his residence, 80 1/2

SHINGLES AND CLAPBOARDS on hand and for sale at my yard, O. F. COMSTOCK, Middlebury, Oct. 16, 1868, 30 1/2

H. W. BREWSTER, Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, of every description. All kinds of Repairing done at the lowest rates, 111 1/2 Middlebury, VT.

E. S. ATWOOD & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Shoes, &c., 41 1/2 SHOREHAM, VT.

M. TRIPP, Sheriff for Addison County, Office, next door to Ira W. Clark's Law Office, Middlebury, VT.

IRA W. CLARK, Attorney & Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Particular attention paid to Bankruptcy, Belonging to insolvents and protection to creditors, 41 1/2 Middlebury, VT.

THOMAS H. McLEOD, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Claim Agent, Office at his residence, West end of the Bridge, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

STEWART & ELDREDGE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DR. S. T. ROWLEY, Eclectic Physician, At his residence on Seymour Street, 91 1/2 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

U. D. TWITCHELL, Wool Broker and Dealer in Pelts, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

M. H. EDDY, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office in Brewster's Block, over Simmons & Co's Book Store, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

O. S. DICKINSON, Dealer in Watches and Fine Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware of every description. Next door to the Post Office, MIDDLEBURY, VT. All kinds of Job Work done to order, 71 1/2

S. G. TISDALE, Manufacturer of Machine-Sawed Clapboards, Barrel Staves and Shingles, Heading Box Boards and Flooring, also, bills of coarse Lumber got out to order. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Ripton, VT., Oct. 16, 1868, 30 1/2

J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Dealers in Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures, and Picture Frames, -Brewster's Block, MIDDLEBURY, VT. A. B. TRACY.

A. J. STYLES, Photographer, Opposite Post Office, Pictures of all kinds made in the most perfect manner. Frames, in Gilt, Black, Walnut, Rosewood, Albion in Great variety. N. B. -Particular attention paid to copying and enlarging old pictures. Photographs finished in Oil, Water Colors, or India Ink, 41 1/2 MIDDLEBURY, VT.

DOORS, SASH & BLINDS. The subscribers would give notice, that they are prepared to fill orders on short notice for all sizes and styles of Doors, Sash and Blinds, from thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried lumber. We also keep constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made collars and trimmings. A large stock of Lumber constantly on hand. HOWDEN, BROTHERS & CO., Bristol, Vt., 49

L. R. SAYRE. Would inform the public that he keeps constantly on hand a large stock of Groceries and Provisions, consisting of Flour, Tea, Coffee, Spices, Sugars, Molasses, Syrup, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Candles, Citron, Figs, Fresh canned and dried Fruits, Cream Tartar, Soda, Saleratus, Clark's Yeast, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Sago, Vanilla, Cocoa, Chow Chow, Pepper Sauce, Pickles, Vinegar, a variety of Fats, Kerosene Oil, Soap, Candles, Nuts and Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, and other articles too numerous to mention, which I am offering to the public at a Bargain. Please call and examine before purchasing. Middlebury, May 30, 1868. L. R. SAYRE.

GRIST MILL. The subscriber having leased the

of the Middlebury Manufacturing Co. for a term of years, and connected it with my

FLOUR, GRAIN & FEED STORE.

BEST MILLERS IN THE STATE.

am prepared to grind any amount of grain at short notice.

BUCKWHEAT. Ground every day in the week.

The Subscriber will keep constantly on hand

CORN, FLOUR, MIXED FEEDS, OIL MEAL, BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, FLOUR OF BONE, and various other articles. Will sell at small margin on cash, V. V. CLAY.

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXXIV.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1869.

NO. 2.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montpelier, Vt., having now been in successful operation seventeen years, without any accidents, is prepared to insure dwelling houses, barns, sheds, and outbuildings, and personal property in like buildings, from 15 to 25 per cent cheaper than any other company in the State. No. of Policies in force, 17,422. Amount of property insured, \$17,830,922 00. Premiums received, 272,922 00. Net cash surplus, 38,219 66. Having taken the agency for this Company in the towns of Brandon and Sudbury, in Rutland County, and all of the towns in Addison County, but Ferrisburgh, Monkton and Lincoln, I propose to devote my whole time and attention to the business of insuring for said company, and hope to be able to meet the wants of the public in this department much better than I have made it a secondary business. Any person residing in the above county desiring to be insured, or to change their old Policy, by giving me a day or two's notice, by letter, will be attended to without delay, and at as cheap a rate as if I lived in their own town. GEORGE N. DIKE, Agent, Bristol, Vt., October 28, 1868, 5 1/2

POTATOES FOR SALE.

I have one hundred bushels of good PEACH-BLOW Potatoes. I wish to sell. CHILDS CRANE, Bridport, Feb. 23d, 1869, 49 1/2

J. S. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GROCERIES, CUTLERY, SAILS AND GLASS, KEROSENE OIL, FAMILY MEDICINES, PERFUMERY, And notions generally.

Would just mention that our goods are sold cheap for cash, and make every body and his wife to call and examine stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. J. S. CHANDLER, Ripton, March 8th, 1869, 20

TEAS MADE A SPECIALTY. On which the inspection of the public is requested.

RECOMMENDED BY THE PRESS. Vice the Register of January 26th, 1869. This same Chandler has just received a fresh

ADDITION TO HIS STOCK of the above articles, and, as circumstances demand, will buy more, and when he does purchase will do so cheap, and give his customers the benefit of the same.

Feeling thankful to the kind public for past favors, would respectfully ask a continuance of the same. Your obedient servant, J. S. CHANDLER, Ripton, March 8th, 1869, 20

DRAIN PIPE. All sizes from three inches to twelve inches in diameter, constantly on hand.

ALL SIZES FROM THREE INCHES TO TWELVE INCHES IN DIAMETER, CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

LARGER SIZES MADE TO ORDER.

ALSO: CURVES AND ELBOWS TO TURN ANY ANGLE DESIRED. THIS IS THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

DRAIN PIPE for all purposes for which drains are laid.

Prices in proportion to size, -from 15 cents per foot for three inches, to 70 cents for twelve inch.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES FOR 1869. JUST RECEIVED.

WM. SLADE, Having just returned from New York, offers for sale at Low Prices the largest and best assortment of

MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS ever brought into this County.

Hats and Bonnets, -Latest Styles. Ribbons, Flowers, French Flowers, Blond Laces, &c.

I have also a large lot of DRESS & CLOAK TRIMMINGS, Bullion Fringes and heading to match, Dress Buttons, silk and jet, Real Cloney Laces, Valenciennes Laces, Trimmings, &c.

I have this day received 25 dozen DUTCH KID GLOVES, a fine assortment of

CLOAKING & READY-MADE CLOAKS, and a good line of

DOUBLE & SINGLE SHAWLS. Winter Gloves, a large line Lined Collars and Cuffs; also, Embroidery Sets, and Real Thread Lace Collars, Lined Handkerchiefs, hemmed, stitched, plain and lace, French Corsets, Braiding Patterns, &c.

I have a large lot of Worsteds Goods, consisting of Breakfast Shawls, Jackets, Leggings, Nubias, Hoods, Children's Caps, Socks, &c.

LADIES TRAVELLING BASKETS. In Zephyr Worsteds, WE CANNOT BE BEAT! keeping the real Bremen, weighing 2 pounds to be found more than any other brand.

Ladies don't forget that SLADE'S is the place to get REAL HAIR SHITCHEES, to match all shades of hair. Hair Brushes, Puffs, Combs and Curl, Soap, Perfumery.

I hope the Ladies will not forget that I keep constantly on hand FANCY HEAD DRESSES AND DRESS CAPS. All the above articles I offer Cheap for Cash, and thanking the public for past favors I solicit continuance of the same. WM. SLADE, Middlebury, Sept. 28, 1868, 41 1/2

Poetry.

Heaven our Home.

BY MISS OLIVE E. THOMAS.

We pass over fields that are garnished with flowers, And leave them all blighted as autumn draws nigh;

But over the hills, in the beautiful towers Of summer eternal, our pathway shall lie.

We dwell amid strife; with our years it increases; Time waits to write furrows on brow and on heart; But oh! we are nearing the hour whose releasing Yields us the glad youth that will never depart.

Earth's roof-trees to-night of the stormy winds assume; And darkness falls down on our windows it stands; But human eyes never hath visioned the splendor In dwelling in mansions prepared without hands.

We know that this life hath no line of completeness The sky that is fairest but ever a cloud; But over the river is daylight whose sweetness No ravaging spirit of darkness can undo.

The wind on our bosom that is beating and blowing, Casts over our beauty but mantles of frost; But oh! to the land of the morning we're going, Where hope never dies, and the wrecks of the lost.

The honor and gold that we toil for and treasure, Hath brought for our grasping but dust and decay; But what seemeth lost to us, Heaven will measure In garbs whose pleasures heighten all away.

We stand in the gloom of the chill wintry weather, And lips full of music smile on us no more; The harp of the pure re-echo together, Full anthems of bliss on the glorious shore.

Do! into the shades of the swift falling even, By starlight ungarbed our footsteps may come; We're going, we know, to the glory of Heaven, Whose welcome will gather the wanderer home.

Salutary Vt.

Denying one of these stories is like fighting Canada thistles. If you eat them up, ten more will sprout from each root, and if you let them alone, a million will spring from the seed. The only way to exterminate the Canada thistles is to plant it for a crop and propose to make money out of it. The worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rain will drown it, middle and blight will ride it. All nature helps weed and runs down engs. We are afraid to deny it. It would start off walking like Weston. A new batch of letters would come mourning and inquiring at our door. Fresh vigor would be given to its withered limbs, and like the wandering Jew, it would go tramping up and down creation till the last day. No, for safety's sake, we do not propose to deny it any more! It would be the ruin of innocent souls, as this negative which I now shall give will prove.

And the narration of the incident brings me back to the question whether one can remember what never happened. It will be seen that he can.

Sitting at a friend's table, one evening, I was telling an incident that I told me in this wise:

"A young man from Buffalo called to see me today. He said that he had heard a young lady in a large company, relating the story of my beginning, a serious man with the phrase, 'It is a—hot—hot.' He at once contradicted it. She admitted it positively. He replied, 'I have lately read a published denial of the story from Mr. B. himself.' She answered, 'Why, I was present myself at his church and heard it with my own ears.' Of course, he could not say what he thought, but replied, 'I am going to New York, and I will myself call and ask Mr. B.'

The case seemed so flagrant, that I said to him: 'When you get back, I wish that you would take occasion, before witnesses, to say to that lady, from me, that she lies, and that she knows that she lies, and that she knows that I know that she lies.'"

This was very improper language, but I was angry, and besides had been reading the Tribune.

When I had got this far, a sweet young girl, who sat opposite me, brought up under my eye, almost from the cradle, and as incapable of knowingly telling a falsehood as a roscub would be of committing burglary, this innocent and charming child of fifteen looked over at me and said:

"But you did say so, didn't you, Mr. Beecher? I heard you."

For a moment there was silence. Then came a crash of laughter from the whole company. Confound me and blushing scarlet, she said:

"Why, I always thought that I had heard you say it!"

For the first time I then believed that a person might distinctly remember what never took place. I take back the message to the Buffalo lady, and humbly apologize for supposing that one could not recall a thing which never happened.

No, Mr. Beecher, I never swear! Profane swearing is not right even in the pulpit. I never in my life said 'it is a—hot—hot,' not even on an August day, many of which I have seen of a temperature that might suggest the expression quoted. If anybody has said it, lately, I think it must be your 'red hot' neighbor over the way, Mr. Pomeroy. If he denies it, I can only say that unless he amends his course he may yet be left to say it under circumstances in which there will be no exaggeration.—N. Y. Ledger.

A rich citizen of Cincinnati is going to present to that city a beautiful fountain, costing \$60,000 thirty feet high, and surrounded by a female figure in bronze. The work will be done in Nuremberg.

our name and all. We saw it in a California paper. It has been traveling and swearing in France and Germany—though we don't understand a profane word in either language,—and if that Yankee Chumman, Mr. Burlingame, would only tell the truth, we believe that he has seen the very story, my name and all, crooked up and grinning in those celestial hieroglyphics which adorn tea chests and Chinese pictures. Indeed, it is like to be the chief memorial of our life. We are informed that in outermost places on hearing our name, men say, 'Ah, yes, we know him! That's the man that said, 'It's a—hot—hot!'"

What is to be done? Here is a mild and well behaved minister, with a story fixed on him that he cannot un buckle, nor out, nor untie, nor rub off! This is the punishment of some of our boyish freaks of mischief! We fear! Once, when annoyed by a neighbor's flock of geese, we fed them with corn, to certain kernels of which short strings were tied with bits of paper attached. When a grain was swallowed, the paper with each movement of the goose, bobbed up behind him and at him. In a few minutes the flock were racing and flying and squeaking, each with his paper whirling close behind him. Is this story whirling behind us in like manner and for a punishment?

It is not, however, the story that afflicts us. It is the pious affliction of good people, who, every year or two, have a fit of correspondence, one over them, and ply us with letters of inquiry, of grief, of holy indignation, of exhortation and instruction. One of these periods seems just setting in now. Here is a letter come to hand yesterday, giving the story, in full, with assurances that the dear writer does not believe a word of it, and has so expressed herself, vehemently but in vain, to a numerous sewing circle! Would I be willing to deny it in the Ledger, &c., &c.

Denying one of these stories is like fighting Canada thistles. If you eat them up, ten more will sprout from each root, and if you let them alone, a million will spring from the seed. The only way to exterminate the Canada thistles is to plant it for a crop and propose to make money out of it. The worms will gnaw it, bugs will bite it, birds will peck it, heat will scorch it, rain will drown it, middle and blight will ride it. All nature helps weed and runs down engs. We are afraid to deny it. It would start off walking like Weston. A new batch of letters would come mourning and inquiring at our door. Fresh vigor would be given to its withered limbs, and like the wandering Jew, it would go tramping up and down creation till the last day. No, for safety's sake, we do not propose to deny it any more! It would be the ruin of innocent souls, as this negative which I now shall give will prove.

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A rich citizen of Cincinnati is going to present to that city a beautiful fountain, costing \$60,000 thirty feet high, and surrounded by a female figure in bronze. The work will be done in Nuremberg.

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery, and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends, taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening the crisis took place.—I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering.—a rushing sound was in my ears.—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light, and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not.—For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me.—and when I passed off all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed.—I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow.—and the voice of the nurse say, 'He is dead.' I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause my friend drew near, and sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I still could hear, and feel, and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side and treated what they believed a corpse, with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired and the degrading formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was, and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day, some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured.—I was lifted and laid in.—my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me, had for a short time look at me in the coffin, I heard them retire: and the undertaker's men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present—one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone.—every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope.—but this was not permitted long.—The day of interment arrived.—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away.—I heard and felt it placed on the hearse. There was a crowd of people around: some of them spoke quite sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move. I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted and the coffin was taken out.—I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued.—I heard the cords of the coffin moved.—I felt it swing as dependent by them.—It was lowered, and rested on the bottom of the grave.—The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin.—Then there was another pause.—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mold, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a sort of reverberation in the coffin I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, shuffling the grave with the flat of his spade.—This too ceased and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; and the silence continued. It is death that I am, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care.

In the contemplation of this thought I heard a low and undersound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and reptiles of death were coming.—that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon. The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sounds ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after I found myself on a carriage; and, by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I found I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of these men sang snatches and scraps of obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When I halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room; and, being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed

naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected.

My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in. Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiments—and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves, they rung and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw, was the doctor who had attended me. But still I was as dead. I could, however, discover among the students the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful cracking as it went through my whole frame—a convulsive shudder instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my traces ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in full possession of all my faculties.

CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.—In the year 1762 Catherine became empress. Around her were gathered the chief conspirators, men coarse, ill-educated, and risen from the lowest ranks of the people, in whose society she complained that she could find no pleasure, yet to whom she was indebted for all she was. Her subjects were discontented and rebellious. She visited Moscow the ancient seat of the Czars, but her life was threatened, and she lastly returned to St. Petersburg. Even there she found herself surrounded by conspiracies against her power and her person. The European monarchs looked coldly upon the parvenu empress, who now wielded the uncertain sceptre, which she was believed to have won by a barbarous and dreadful crime, and from her dangerous eminence, Catherine beheld herself everywhere surrounded by a thousand terrors which might have appalled any nature less resolute than her own.

Danger, however, seemed only to draw out her wonderful genius for command, and her fierce, unalloyed ambition guided her to a course of policy, that made her the most potent monarch of her time. She crushed discontent at home with unparalleled vigor. The ancient nobility of Russia, who hated and despised the German usurper and her low-born courtiers, at length became her willing slaves. The countless legions of bishops and monks, whom she had offended and treated with ignominy when they had ceased to be useful to her, hid themselves, overawed and helpless, in their cells. Her splendid victories and conquests won for her a popularity among her subjects such as none of her predecessors but Peter the Great had possessed. Abroad, the monarchs of Europe were soon overmastered by her imperious will. Frederick the Great courted her favor. Joseph II., of Austria, became a willing instrument in accomplishing her most unscrupulous designs. George III., of England, sank into her ally. And disolute Louis XV. vainly strove by feeble diplomacy to check the steady progress of the new Semiramis. Catherine became the master intellect of Europe.

Of all her vast designs, that upon which her chief energies were expended was to make Russia acknowledged as one of the civilized nations of the time. As Philip of Macedon had labored with force, untiring zeal, to make his native kingdom Greek, so Catherine lived to make Russia European. She was resolved to be received as a peer into that assemblage of crowned heads whose haughty caste was still inclined to look down upon the barbarous empire which the great Peter had brought into notice; and she prepared to take an equal place among the Hapsburgs, the Bourbons, and the Guelfs.

If she had not been an empress Catherine might perhaps have won a higher glory as an author. Her love for letters was intense and lasting. She sought the correspondence and the friendship of almost every eminent literary man of the day. She wrote to Voltaire in terms of sincere admiration, and strove in vain to allure him to St. Petersburg. With Diderot she was more successful, and the philosopher condescended to give a portion of his time to a visit to the faithful empress. Their conversations were long and philosophical, and Diderot seems to have found a far more agreeable friend in Catherine than the sarcastic Voltaire in his admirer and persecutor, Frederick. Catherine was always profuse in her liberality to literary men. She purchased Diderot's library for a considerable sum, in order to provide a dowry for her daughter, allowed him to retain the use of it for life, and settled upon him a pension as her librarian. She wished to induce the historian Robertson, by munificent offers, to write an account of her reign. Her court was filled with men of intelligence and learning, of science and art. Every form of mental excellence found in her a friend: she established academies or societies of learning and science, and lavished her revenues in seeking to awaken the intellect of her people. Poets, musicians, philosophers, actors, and artists sprang up under her careful patronage; and she succeeded, at last, in making St. Petersburg illustrious as one of the intellectual centres of Europe.—EUGENE LAWRENCE, in Harper's Magazine.

The New York Times.

A Political, Literary and Miscellaneous Newspaper.

The New York Times,—started in September, 1851,—has for many years been recognized as among the most successful, popular and influential newspapers in the country. It is still under the control and management of its original founders, who, with greatly increased resources and experience, will spare no pains to extend and strengthen its claims upon the confidence and support of the public.

In its political discussions and preferences the Times is a Republican,—and supports the cardinal principles and leading measures of that party as on the whole best calculated to secure the peace and promote the prosperity of all sections of our common country. It was among the first to advocate the nomination and election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency, and will sustain, with all the ability it can command, the principles and policy of his Administration.

The Times will insist upon the Reform in all branches of the public service,—economy in the administration of the Government,—the payment of the public debt, and maintenance of the public credit,—the adoption of impartial suffrage,—the removal of useless political disabilities,—the preservation of peace,—the elevation of labor,—the vindication of our national rights,—and, in general, such measures as will strengthen our Republican institutions in the confidence of our own people, and command them to the respect and admiration of the rest of the world.

As a newspaper, the Times will continue to be, as it has been, unsurpassed.

Its correspondents, by Telegraph and by Mail, from all parts of the world, will be full, prompt, reliable and interesting. In this respect it will maintain the high reputation it has thus far enjoyed.